MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED.

The Complete Revised Official Ritual

OF THE

Beneficiary and Fraternal Degrees

INCLUDING THE

Unwritten or Secret Work,

AND THE

Installation and Funeral Ceremonies

WITH THE

Odes and Hymns of the Order.

CHICAGO, ILL.
EZRA A. COOK, Publisher.
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In memory of: J. Fred Evans

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

It will be observed that the Historical Sketch of this Secret Order is written by its proud founder

If Head Consul Root had not been previously thoroughly steeped in Secretism, it might be inferred that the sermon by Rev. Crawford, from which he got the name of the Order he was then incubating, as he relates, must have been one favorable to Secret Societies, but the fact that he was a Freemason of both York and Scottish Rites, an Odd-fellow, and Knights of Pythias; had helped organize the Iowa Legion of Honor, and was its first Grand Treasurer, and was connected with other secret organizations, renders it certain that he *needed* no such aid, and possibly he but caught the name as devils appropriate, quote and misquote Scripture.

"Only a Secret Mutual Insurance Society," may be the verdict of the reader of this Ritual. But why go into a secret society to get life insurance?

After the collapse of the "Iron Hall," and scores of other fraternal insurance societies—followed by the wail of the thousands who have been "sold" by

them—must a man go into the Modern Woodmen, and be publicly auctioned off for the third time, before he can get it through his brain that he is *"sold?"*

For fear he may tire of the assessments he is taunted, during initiation, with the charge (page 29) that he "will drop out of the Order in less than three years if frequent assessments become necessary," and undoubtedly when the Consul asks candidate, "what answer do you give to these charges?" he hopes for an assurance that he will stand a life-long taxation. In the obligation that follows he swears (page 35) that he "will promptly pay all dues and death assessments," without even limiting his promise to his ability, which may mean the payment as assessments of money that his own family imperatively need.

THE PUBLISHER.

INTRODUCTION TO REVISED EDITION.

To revise and change a Ritual which has been for so many years a vital part of Woodcraft, and around which clusters the earliest and best memories of our Order, and which is today used by more than one hundred thousand Woodmen, is a work to be approached with a full sense of responsibility. The introduction of this revised Ritual and its successful substitution for the old one is an almost Herculean task. I am constrained to undertake this work only in obedience to the commands of the Head Camp. In the performance of this task I have preserved the "busy mart" scene, the grand and imposing lectures, and the beautiful and impressive burial service of the old Ritual. In the years to come these will be like monuments reminding the Woodmen who come after us of the history of the early struggles and achievements at the cradle of Woodcraft—

"See how far the little candle throws its beams;
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

The strength and beauty of ritualistic work depends not so much upon the Ritual itself as the manner in which it is rendered. Any ceremony becomes stale and unprofitable when read by the officers; the great necessity for the complete rendition of the work is for each officer to commit his part and deliver it from memory. Each Camp should select a good team and have it thoroughly drilled. The cost of the paraphernalia used in this Ritual is so small as to be within the reach of every Camp.

I desire to thank the Ritual Committee, the Head Clerk, and Board of Directors for their many valuable suggestions. The idea of using the Foresters, with their marching and songs, was first conceived in seeing the work done by Camp No. 566, of Hutchinson, Kansas. To Dr. A. O. Faulkner, of Lincoln, Nebraska, is due the credit of suggesting the idea of the "Death Watch" in Part III, of the Beneficiary Degree.

We must grow as a Fraternity. We will soon become the largest society in the Northwest; we *must* be the greatest in fraternal spirit. I hope this new Ritual may be a step towards the improvement of the fraternal feature of our Order. Next to home and to country, the Modern Woodmen of America is first in the hearts of its members. Woodcraft is the product of the noonday of civilization. It must be great, or it would not be so lifted up in the hearts of the greatest people of this the greatest of all ages.

We must see that the great destiny of our Order is fulfilled. We must look into the future, and our development must keep pace with the march of time. We are building a structure that will some day afford protection to the homes of a million of freemen, living in that great territory which reaches from the shores of the "unsalted seas" westward to where California's brooks wash down their sands of gold.

I dedicate my humble work in this behalf to the fraternal spirit of Woodcraft.

Fraternally submitted,

W. A. NORTHCOTT,
Head Consul.

T. A. BECK, *Chairman,*
DR. A. O. FAULKNER,
J. S. DAILY,
DR. M. H. GOODRICH,
Ritual Committee.

[NOTE.—Neighbor W. H. Beck was unavoidably absent.]

Dated at Fulton, Ill., April 25, 1894.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORICAL.

The Ritual and Fundamental Laws of the Modern Woodmen of America were written by Joseph Cullen Root, of Lyons, Iowa, in 1882. The first Ritual was printed at Dubuque, Iowa, during the same year, and before a single camp had been created. The first edition did not contain any funeral or burial ceremonies.

The original members of the first camp were solicited by Lewis G. Blaine, Lyons, Iowa. The second charter petition was secured at Fulton, Ill., by Thomas L. Taggert and Dr. H. M. Kennedy, and the third at Lanark, Ill., by J. Haller, M. D. At this time Ogden H. Henderson, upon whom Neighbor Root had relied from the inception of the order, closed his engagements elsewhere and entered upon the work of introducing the craft, commencing at Mt. Carroll, Ill., calling to his aid Daniel S. Maltby,

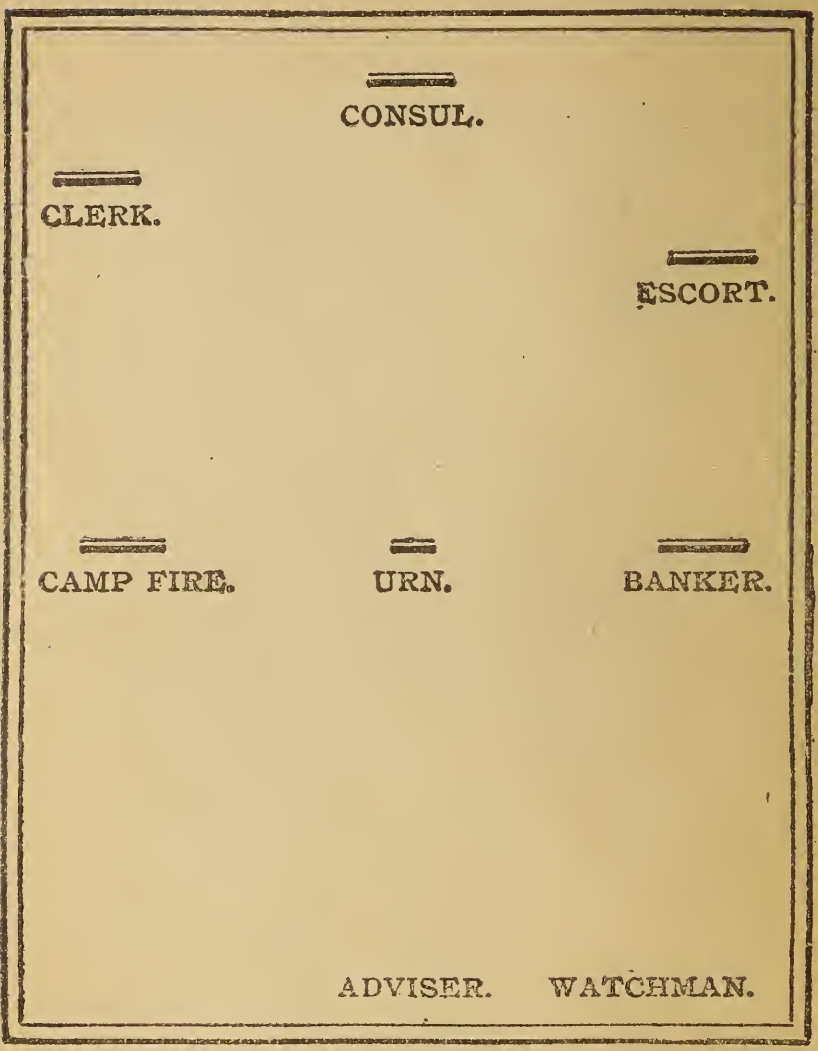
an experienced solicitor and organizer, a few months later. The grand work, begun amidst almost insurmountable difficulties, has, by earnest effort, many self-sacrifices, but with confident hopefulness, prospered wonderfully; bestowing blessings upon its many beneficiaries, as well as social and fraternal advantage to its living members.

The Ritual was written after several months' studious research. The name of the Order came to its founder on Sunday, almost as an inspiration, while listening to a sermon being delivered by Rev. S. Crawford, in which he spoke of woodmen leveling the trees of the forest. After the author had settled in his mind the name and dramatic features of the work he devoted two days to writing the text. When finished he read it to A. T. Wheeler, L. G. Blaine, and Samuel Davy, who unqualifiedly approved it without suggesting a single change. Since then the author has added but three or four paragraphs to the Ritual, and has added the funeral, burial and installation services, which, after being written were criticised and slightly abridged upon suggestions of others. This is the sixth edition.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The foregoing is Joseph C. Root's own history of the Modern Woodmen of America, taken from the 6th edition. Just as we were ready to print the ritual, copied from this book we learned that the whole ritual had been revised and Joseph Cullen Root it seems "isn't in it." As will be seen by pages five and six, W. A. Northcott succeeded him as Head Consul. Possibly the salary of the "founder of woodcraft" as he terms himself was inadequate for his *needs* as Head Consul. It certainly did not meet his *desires,* so he resorted to forged death certificates to increase his receipts and after the swindle was exposed found the atmosphere of Iowa too warm for him and a circular before us shows that he has founded and is now "Sovereign Commander" of "The Woodmen of the World" and has moved from Lyons, Iowa, to Omaha, Neb.

THE PUBLISHER.



The Adviser, Banker and Consul should have a block of natural wood, about twelve inches through, with natural bark nicely varnished. The Urn should be placed on a similar pedestal. The decorations of the Camp should be of the rustic order, according to the opportunities and best taste of the neighbors, and adaptability of the rooms.

CHAPTER II.

OPENING CEREMONIES.

(The Consul shall promptly, at the hour of opening, take his station.)

Consul. Officers, assume your respective stations.

(He shall give one rap with the Beetle, the Banker one rap with the Wedge, and the Adviser one rap with the Axe. The Neighbors will take their seats.)

Consul. Escort, you will satisfy yourself that all present are members of the Modern Woodmen of America.

Escort. Venerable Consul, I will perform that duty.

(The Escort will give the annual and regular words to the Consul, and then take up both the words, in the order named, from all present. As the Escort approaches, each Neighbor arises from his seat and gives the grip to the Escort as he gives him the words. If a neighbor has not the words, he will advance and receive them from the Consul. If a member of another Camp is without the words, he shall be vouched for by a member. Escort then returns to his station, salutes the Consul with the Working Sign, and says):

Escort. We are all obligated neighbors.

Adviser. Neighbors, attention! All advance and deposit a pebble in the urn—white expressing happiness; black, sorrow or trouble.

(The Consul will advance to the altar, salute the Adviser with the Working Sign, and deposit his pebble. The Banker will next do the same, and the Neighbors, commencing with the Clerk, will pass rapidly to the urn and do the same. The Adviser being the last to advance, shall salute the Consul. Each Neighbor in marching to the urn shall make the turns at right angles, and stand between the altar and Adviser, facing him as he salutes; he will then turn, facing the Consul, and deposit the pebble with his right hand, and then return to his seat. If the Camp desires, where the attendance is large, after the Consul and Banker have deposited the pebbles as above indicated, the Escort and Clerk will take their positions opposite each other in the hall, and as they march to the altar the Neighbors will fall in behind them, forming parallel lines. When opposite the altar the heads of the columns will make square turns, and when directly opposite and next to each side of the altar, the two leaders will turn facing the Adviser, and, after saluting him with the Working Sign, will about face and deposit the pebble in the urn, using either hand most convenient and nearest the altar. The heads of the columns will then march towards their seats on the inside of the first column. This order will be observed until all neighbors have deposited the pebble. Every neighbor should be careful to deposit one pebble, and one only, as the number of pebbles deposited is reported when the urn is investigated, and a record of the number kept by the Clerk, in order to show the attendance at each meeting.)

Adviser. (Gives three raps; Neighbors all rise to their feet.) We hail thee, Venerable Consul, with the Woodmen's Sign.

(The Neighbors give the Woodman's Sign; the Escort lights the camp-fire.)

Consul. (Answering sign.) Neighbors, your greeting is welcome and fraternal. Gathered around the camp-fire on this auspicious occasion, we have reason to be thankful for life, health and prosperity. Your aid is now invoked to properly conduct the business of the hour with harmony and neighborly consideration.

Adviser. The Camp will heed your admonition, Venerable Consul. The Fruit, water and perfume have been provided for the strangers who may wander this way. The Watchman and Sentry are at their posts, and quietness, safety, and peace are within our Camp.

Banker. The treasure-box is still secure. The loved ones whom we cherish are remembered, and those fallen by the wayside we are mindful of. All is well in this our beloved camp.

Consul. Neighbors, count off by twos.

(The Consul will then call "one" the Clerk "two," the next Neighbor to the right of the Clerk "one" the next "two," until all neighbors have counted.)

Consul. Neighbors, position!

(Each Neighbor having counted the number "one" turns to the right, and each one having counted "two" turns to the left, so that "one" and "two" face each other.)

Consul. Neighbors, give the grip!

GRIP.

Clasp right hands firmly, fingers reaching the wrist and forefinger on pulse. See cut.

(Numbers "one" and "two" join in giving the grip.)

Consul. Neighbors, the hand test!

HAND TEST.

Close both fists and bring them together No. "one" saying: "I have lost the brazen coin." See cut.

ANSWER BY NO. "TWO."

Person challenged (No. "two") places clinched fist in same position and answers: "I have the brazen balance."

Consul. Neighbors, resume position!

(Each Neighbor at this command will turn, facing the Consul.)

Consul. Neighbors, give the Working Sign!

(It is given as follows:

WORKING SIGN.

Right hand held in front of face, palm inward, first and third fingers erect in shape of letter V, others closed. See cut.

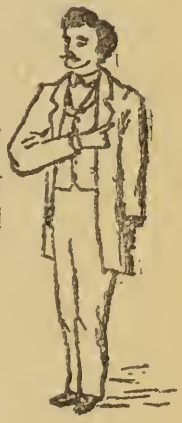
Consul. Give the Woodman's Sign!

WOODMAN'S SIGN.

With fist clinched raise the right hand about height of the head and about a foot from it, left hand about opposite right nipple; position of holding an axe for a downward stroke.

Hands are shown a little too low in cut.

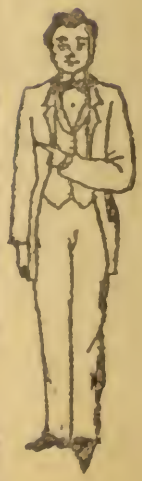
Consul. The Recognition Sign!



RECOGNITION SIGN.

Close last three fingers of right hand, with thumb under lapel of coat, on left breast, fore-finger outside. Then move hand up and down. See cut.

Consul. The answer!



ANSWER TO RECOGNITION SIGN.

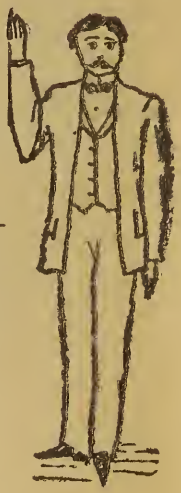
Place left hand on right breast, last three fingers closed, thumb under and forefinger over lapel and then move up and down.

Consul. Give the Warning Sign!

WARNING SIGN.

Raise right hand perpendicularly, palm of hand forward. See cut.

Consul. Give answer!



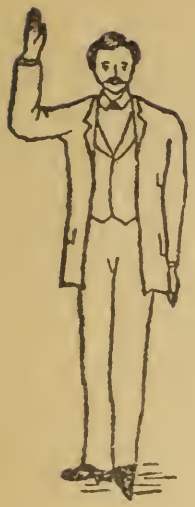
ANSWER TO WARNING SIGN.

Answer by person seeing Warning Sign. Raise right hand perpendicularly back of hand forward. See cut.

Consul. The Woodman's Honors!

WOODMAN'S HONORS.

Clap hands together twice, left hand under; arms at right angles, thus crossing hands. See cut.



Consul. Distress Sign.

DISTRESS SIGN.

Right fore-arm perpendicular; balance of arm horizontal, fingers extended, then swing the hand a few times. See cut.

Consul. The Words of Distress!

All. "I Have Lost The Brazen Coin."

Consul. Neighbors, guard well your treasures, but be just and generous in your action to-night. You are the rulers, we are the servants to do your bidding and exercise the brief authority you have conferred upon us. As the Axe, the Beetle, and the Wedge in the hands of the industrious Woodmen have cleared away the forests and destroyed the abiding places of the wild beasts, so that the blooming roses, the waving grain, the lowing herds, rumbling machinery, and stately

cities now occupy the ground, so let us to-night emulate their symbolism by faithful work, that peace, happiness, and plenty may crown our efforts. You will now join in singing the opening Ode.

OPENING ODE—No. 1.

By E. D. Leland. *Tune*—Webb.

Again, with welcome greeting,
Kind Neighbors, now we come
To watch and guard the future
For those we love at home.
Each thankful to the Giver
Of every earthly claim,
We now ascribe the honor,
Due to His holy name.

The officers in station,
The Camp Fire all ablaze,
And every wandering stranger
On it with joy may gaze.
The working tools are ready—
The Beetle, Axe and Wedge;
The Perfume, Fruit and Water
We to the Strangers pledge.

Guard well your treasures, Neighbors,
And ever ready be
To help the mourning loved ones,
When we have crossed life's sea.
Let justice rule your actions,
And generous conduct own,
That happiness and plenty
May all our efforts crown.

OPENING ODE—No. 2.

By M. H. Underwood. *Tune*—Harwell.

Neighbors, Woodmen, let us render
Unto God, our Father dear,
Grateful praise and love, so tender,
For the joy of meeting here.
From all cares and sorrows free,
Here we meet—fraternally—
Round our Camp Fire's ruddy glow
Let our band no discords know.

With the Axe, the Wedge and Beetle,
Dismal forests have been cleared;
By their use a faithful people
Cities fair and grand have reared,
Emblems of our chosen band—
Idle then we will not stand;
Work we will! our cause is just,
Charity our hope and trust.

Neighbors, then be mindful ever,
From our ranks all discord spurn,
From our lives the dross we'll sever,
That our Camp Fire long may burn.
Then our shield will brightly gleam,
And our stars will radiant beam;
Palms of peace will round us stand,
As we journey, hand in hand.

Consul. I now proclaim ..... Camp No. ..... Modern Woodmen of America duly opened in form.

(Gives one rap; all are seated.)

Adviser. (Gives one rap with the Axe). The Watchman will notify the Sentry and Neighbors in the ante-room.

Watchman. (Opens the door and says:) Neighbor Sentry, the Camp is open. (Closes door and says in a voice loud enough to be heard by the entire Camp:) Worthy Adviser, the Sentry and Neighbors in waiting have been duly informed.

Banker. (Gives one rap with Wedge.) All is well!

Watchman. Worthy Adviser, there is an alarm at the door.

Adviser. Attend to the alarm.

(The Watchman will then respond by giving three raps on the inner door, and receive from the Neighbor the regular word.) (If without the regular word—)

Watchman. Worthy Adviser, Neighbor ..... without the word.

(If the Neighbor is vouched for—)

NOTE.—During the session admission is gained by giving an alarm at the outer door, and communicating the annual word to the Sentry. If correct and admitted, put on the badge, and give three raps on the inner door.

Adviser. Admit the Neighbor.

(The Neighbor, if a member of the Camp in good standing, will advance under the Working Sign to the Venerable Consul and receive the word. If a visiting Neighbor is not vouched for, the Consul shall appoint a committee of three Neighbors to examine and prove the visitor, and if the committee approve he may be admitted. The Consul must never give the words to the Neighbor of another Camp, except upon an official order for same under the seal of the Camp, and signed by the Consul and Clerk of the visiting Neighbor's Camp. As soon as the neighbor is admitted to the Camp, he advances at right angles to the altar and deposits the pebble, as instructed. Wishing to retire from the Camp, the Neighbor shall advance to the altar, or wishing only to change his seat, shall rise in his place and salute the Adviser with the Working Sign, to which he will respond. He is then at liberty to retire, or change his location; it being always understood that the Adviser has charge of the entrance and decorum of the Camp, subject only to the orders of the Venerable Consul. If a Neighbor desires to speak, he shall address the Veneral Consul with the Working Sign. The Venerable Consul shall repeat his name, answering with the same sign, and the Neighbor can then proceed. A Neighbor should never pass between the altar and the Venerable Consul's station.)

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Opening.
2. Roll Call of Officers.
3. Reading Minutes of Previous Meeting.
4. Excuses of Officers Absent at Prior Meeting.
5. New Applications for Adoption.
6. Appointment of Committees on Applications.
7. Ceremony of Adoption.
8. Reports on Applications.
9. Balloting on Application.
10. Reports of Standing and Special Committees.
11. Bills and Communications.
12. General Business.
13. Nominations, Elections, Installations.
14. Does any Neighbor know of a sick Neighbor, or of a Neighbor in distress?
15. The Urn investigated with comments. (The Escort reports to the Consul the number of white pebbles, and also the number of black pebbles cast; and the clerk will make a record of the same in the minutes.)
16. Social Entertainment.
17. Clerk's Report of Collections, Disbursements, and of Delinquent Neighbors.
18. Closing Ceremony.

CHAPTER III.

INITIATION OR CEREMONY OF ADOPTION.

BENEFICIARY DEGREE.

PART I.

Consul. Neighbor Escort, you will repair to the ante-room, and ascertain if there are any candidates in waiting.

(Escort approaches the altar, salutes the Adviser, and retires. After obtaining the names of the candidates in waiting, he enters, approaches the altar, salutes the Consul, and says):

Escort. Venerable Consul, I find in waiting Mr. ....., who is desirous of being adopted into our Fraternal Order. (Takes his seat.)

Consul. Neighbor Clerk, if the certificate has arrived, you will announce the amount, name of the beneficiary, and state if the adoption fee has been paid.

Clerk. The certificate is in my hands, and the amount of the same is $.....; the name of the beneficiary is ..... The adoption fee is paid.

Consul. Neighbor Escort, you will now retire to the ante-room, properly prepare and instruct the stranger, and conduct him through the several scenes of his adoption, responding for him as his special friend.

(The Escort will retire as before.)

Consul. The camp will now be put in readiness by the Foresters, and the Neighbors will assist without restraint, until called to their seats by the beetle, axe, and wedge.

(The lights should be turned down in the hall, and the Foresters gather about the camp-fire. The camp-fire can be made by a lighted lamp placed in a box, the sides of which are red tissue paper. The camp-kettle should be hung from the tripod. The Foresters wear the regular Woodman uniform, and all carry axes, and are under the command at all times of the Chief Forester, who gives his orders by means of a whistle. The number of Foresters may be six, eight, ten, twelve, or sixteen, according to the size of the Camp. They should be thoroughly drilled in their parts, as they form the main feature of the adoption ceremony. Their singing and marching will be a most attractive feature. In building the camp-fire, where gas is used in the hall, it will be found very convenient to use what are called "gas-logs.")

Escort. (To candidate in ante-room.) Stranger, having been elected as a member of the Modern Woodmen of America, I presume you have come to this place seeking adoption into our Camp. Is this your purpose?

Stranger. It is.

Escort. Before you become one with us it will be necessary for you to be regularly adopted as a Son and Neighbor. I will assure you, however, that nothing will be done to violate your political or religious obligations, or hurt your self-respect, but a valuable lesson will be taught you by ceremonies peculiar to our Fraternity. With this assurance, will you now follow me?

Stranger. I will.

(Escort approaches the inner door with Candidates, and gives three raps.)

Watchman. (Opening door.) Who seeks entrance here?

Escort. A stranger who seeks admission into the forest of the Modern Woodmen of America.

Watchman. Stranger, as you enter this dread forest, I counsel you to follow closely the instructions of the Escort who attends you. Be brave, just, and fear not.

(The Escort enters and pauses with the candidates and listens while the Foresters at the camp-fire sing the following song):

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

Words by Henry F. Chorley. Music, Mrs. W. A. Northcott.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

Chorus—Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.

And on that day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree, it still remains.

CHORUS—Then here's to, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes,
Were a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good Woodman cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

CHORUS—Then here's to, etc.

Chief Forester. (Blowing whistle.) There is an intruder in the forest. Foresters do your duty!

(With wild yells the Foresters run toward the candidate, seize and bind him, and place his head upon a block, while the Chief Forester stands over him with an axe ready to strike.)

Escort. Hold, Neighbors! This stranger seeks adoption into our Camp. He will take the obligation. I will answer for him.

Chief Forester. You can not answer for him. He must answer for himself. Foresters, unbind him and place him upon his feet.

(This being done):

Chief Forester. Stranger, will you take the obligation?

Candidate. I will.

Chief Forester. Foresters, shall he be obligated?

Foresters. Aye, aye!

Chief Forester. Stranger, raise your right hand, and repeat after me the following obligation. (Consul gives three raps.)

OBLIGATION.

I, (your name), upon my most sacred honor, promise that I will not in any manner reveal or communicate to mortal ear, sight, or sense any of the secrets of the Modern Woodmen of America which I have already seen or heard, or which I may hereafter see, hear or experience, unless it be to a Neighbor, whom I know to be a member of said Fraternity and be authorized to know and receive the same. To all this, without mental reservation, I most solemnly and sincerely promise. (Venerable Consul gives one rap.)

Chief Forester. The Escort will now conduct you to the ante-room and prepare you for the further advancement in your adoption.

(The Escort and stranger march in rear of the Foresters once around the Camp hall, until the outer door is reached, when the Foresters open ranks, present axes, and Escort and stranger march through their ranks to the ante-room; the Watchman closes the door.)

PART II.

(The lights are turned up and the hall is arranged as usual at the regular meetings of the Camp. In the ante-room the Escort clothes the stranger and himself as mendicants, with hats on their heads; the candidate is hoodwinked. They advance to the inner door and the Escort gives three raps; the Watchman opens the door. The Escort marches slowly

around the hall with the Stranger. It is very essential that the Escort should have his part committed to memory, so as to repeat it fluently and impressively. The success of this part depends most largely upon the ability of the Escort.)

Escort. Stranger, we are no longer in the forest; we now find ourselves in the busy world. As we walk the streets of a great city we hear the noise and tumult of commercial strife. Everybody is engaged in seeking wealth, influence and fame. Nobody appears to have any inclination or time to devote to works of charity. We, in our rags, pass by them unnoticed, for they can see no chance to filch gain from such unpromising beggars as we appear to be. Over yonder is a great banking house; let us enter and approach the opulent Banker and rehearse a story of suffering and want, and see what reply we will receive.

(Advance to Banker.)

Escort. Sir, can we have a word with you?

Banker. Move on, beggars; I have no time to waste on you! Move on, I say, or I will call to my aid the officers of the law!

Escort. Yes, we will move on, if you will hear our pitiful story.

Banker. Well, I suppose I have got to be annoyed by such people. Strange that beggars are not sent to the poor-house! Well, what is your pitiful story? Be quick about it!

Escort. We are indeed poor, and my friend is blind, but for ourselves we seek no charity. We crave a few dollars for the widow and family of a friend who suddenly lost his life while in the very vigor of manhood, leaving his family without even a roof to cover their heads, raiment to clothe them, or food to sustain their lives. Cast like waifs upon the cold, cold world! We, in our poverty, sympathize with them, but money we have none. We pray thee, opulent Banker, give of thy plenty, that they may lift up their heads again, that their tears may be wiped away, and their lives saved for usefulness.

Banker. Bosh! What care I for paupers! I pay my taxes regularly, and have, by favorable circumstances and thrift, acquired a competency. If men will die without laying up something for a rainy day, let their widows and orphans suffer. Not a cent will I give to relieve such people. So move on, and do not further waste my valuable time.

Escort. (Proceeds on his way with stranger about the hall.) This, stranger, is the experience of the world. Let us go upon the streets again, and make further efforts for this suffering family. These busy tradesmen and citizens should give relief; let us seek aid from them.

(As Escort and stranger pass slowly around the hall, the Escort says, "Will you give something for the relief of the

widow and the orphan; we ask but little?" He repeats his solicitation as he passes along. Some of the Neighbors reply, "Not a penny, sir.")

Escort. Not even a penny, and we are condemned for the asking. Indeed, this is a cold, unsympathizing world. Selfishness upon every hand; grasping greed and avarice seem to be the instincts that govern mankind. Those born to wealth or blessed with opportunity seem prosperous and happy. But the beggar in his rags, though he may be an exemplary man of distinguished virtues, is too often jostled aside to make room for some more favored but less worthy aspirant. From this experience, how fearful the contemplation of the future becomes. What is to become of our loved ones when we are laid in the silent tomb? It is a question pregnant with vital interest. It brings to our minds pictures of sickness, indigence, suffering, and death, made terrible by our experience as charity seekers. But let us consult with yonder Adviser, whom report affirms has a remedy for this ill. We will seek him and receive his advice.

(Approaches Adviser, and when opposite to his station the hoodwink is removed from candidate.)

Escort. Worthy Adviser, we seek knowledge of the Arcana, or mystery, that enables the worthy man in rags, who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, to provide for his loved ones when death shall take him hence.

Adviser. Truly spake the Patriarch when he said: "Man is born to trouble as sparks fly upward." The daily incomes of most of the race hardly equal their needs, and the struggle is further embittered by the haunting fear of what the future may have in store for the dear ones dependent upon us. But for home and friends and the benign outgrowth of the idea of organization, such an existence would be well-nigh unendurable. Organization is the breath to the life of culture and progress; out of this idea nations have been evolved, and the university, school, and a multitude of humane enterprises have come to benefit the people. Then, stranger, the Arcana which I have to reveal is this: Go straightway and be adopted as Neighbors in a Camp of Modern Woodmen, and your fears shall dissipate like the morning vapors. Your arms will be nerved to greater endeavors, and forebodings will give way to feelings of confidence, peace, and joy.

Escort. Your advice is indeed medicine to our broken spirits. Then let us away, that we may seek entrance and adoption into so grand an institution.

(Conducts stranger back to ante-room.)

Consul. Gives one rap with Beetle.

Banker. Gives one rap with wedge.

Adviser. Gives one rap with Axe.

PART III.

(The lights are turned down so as to make them rather dim. Consul, Adviser and Banker put on long robes and gray wigs, to represent Forest Patriarchs.)

(Escort and stranger will put on black robes, the candidate being hoodwinked. The Escort shall advance to the inner door and give three raps; the watchman will open the door, and say):

Watchman. What means this intrusion?

Escort. We are seeking the Camp of the Modern Woodmen that we may possess the Arcana.

Watchman. You may enter, but remember well your obligation.

Escort. (Walking slowly around the room with the candidate.) Stranger, we are no longer in the busy world. We have left its turmoils, strife and selfishness. We are now in the primeval forest, amid God's first temples. Here amidst the solitude man adores nature and worships nature's God. Here humanity has scope and breathing-place. Here the uncrowded individual grows in strength and grandeur as the oak. Among the Neighbors of this forest you will find true brotherly love. We are weary and ahungered. I see in the distance the Camp of a Forest Patriarch; let us go to him and seek food and advice on our journey.

(The Foresters have already taken their position in open ranks, with axes at a present, and the Escort and stranger march through the ranks and take their position in front of the Adviser's station. The Adviser in his gown and wig arises to his feet. The hoodwink is removed.)

Escort. Worthy Patriarch, we come to ask food and advice, for we are weary.

Forest Patriarch. (Adviser): Whither do you journey?

Escort. We are seeking the Camp of the Modern Woodmen, that we may possess the Arcana.

Forest Patriarch. Strangers, your ambition is a laudable one, but know you not that the way is one of secrecy?

Escort. We come before you willing to do as others have done before us.

Forest Patriarch. You are strangers, without friends, in a strange land; you have many weary miles to travel before you can reach the summit of your ambition; you will be hungry and thirsty, and you may be beset by great dangers. I know of the Order you seek; even now from their battlements, on yonder mountain I see their banner, and upon it is inscribed these words: "Peace, Light, and Safety." Before you resume your journey, I will ask you to partake with me of this fruit.

(Offers him fruit. Stranger eats. Watchman and assistants pass fruit to all present. During this ceremony all the Foresters repeat in concert the following):

"As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

"Awake, O, north wind, and come thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come unto his garden and eat his pleasant fruits."

"The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for the, O my, beloved."

Forest Patriarch. Strangers, you will now proceed on your journey, and may you be steadfast in your purpose.

(Escort hoodwinks candidate and conducts him slowly around the hall to the Banker's station, saying):

Escort. Stranger, we will heed the admonition of the Patriarch, that we may at last enter the Camp of Modern Woodmen. In this beautiful forest we have found no water, and I am athirst. Let us enter the Camp of yonder Patriarch, at the foot of the mountain and seek his help.

(The Foresters have already taken their position at the Banker's station, in open ranks, with axes at present. Escort and stranger march through the ranks and take their position in front of the Banker. The Banker with his wig and robe is standing. The hoodwink is removed.)

Escort. Worthy Patriarch, we are lost in the forest and are athirst, and ask your help.

Forest Patriarch. (Banker.) My friends, you look weary with long travel, and I would ask to what end do you journey?

Escort. We are seeking the camp of the Modern Woodmen.

Forest Patriarch. Strangers, the object of your journey is well worthy of the long suffering and fatigue which you have undergone. In a Camp of the Modern Woodmen the business and vexations of the world are banished. The scramble for wealth and place finds no lodgment there. They all meet as obligated Neighbors, in friendly council for mutual benefit and entertainment. Visions of future woe are vanished, for they have placed a sacred fund in the keeping of tried and true associates, whose hands will carry substantial aid to their loved ones, and whose hearts will throb in sympathy with their distress when they shall have left life's fitful scenes forever. I offer you freely of water. Partake and refresh yourselves for your journey.

(Candidate and Escort drink the water offered them. All the Foresters say in concert):

"Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not; neither go into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity; for better is a neighbor that is near than a brother far off."

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

"Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification."

(The candidate is again hoodwinked, and proceeds with the Escort slowly around the hall.)

(The Foresters will march directly to the camp-fire.)

Escort. How dark and dismal seems the forest, and night is coming on. Hark! Hear the funeral bell!

(Here a bell is slowly tolled. Voices of the Foresters are then heard singing in low tones the following song):

ROCK OF AGES.

WORDS—REV. A. M. TOPLADY. MUSIC—DR. THOMAS HASTINGS

Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands,
Can fulfill Thy law's demands.
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Escort. It is the death-watch in a Woodman's Camp. Let us go thither, for we are lost in the forest.

(The Escort advances with the stranger to the camp-fire, around which are gathered the Foresters, with bowed heads. The Consul, with wig and gown, stands in the midst, and lying near his feet is the dead Woodman. The hoodwink is removed from candidate. The Consul here acts as the Forest Patriarch.)

Forest Patriarch. Strangers, why do you intrude at the death-watch in our Camp?

Escort. Worthy Patriarch, we are seeking the Camp of the Modern Woodmen, and have become lost in the forest, and come here for aid.

Forest Patriarch. Strangers, you now behold a death-watch in a Camp of Modern Woodmen of America. This solemn scene should remind you of fleeting mortality. The sad countenances of those about you cannot but touch your heart with sorrow, and cause you to realize that he who lies before us was beloved by these children of the forest. Again has the awful fiat—"dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return"—gone forth in our midst. A Neighbor in the prime of his usefulness has been removed by death from among us. He has been relieved from his labors, and all his cares and toils are over. No more shall his counsels be heard in our Camp; no more shall kind accents of love flow from those death-sealed lips, nor the tear

of sympathy course down those palid cheeks. No more shall the widow and orphan receive his benevolent kindness and aid; and no more shall the voice of calumny and detraction wound his generous spirit. Can you look into the faces of these sorrowing Neighbors and doubt the fulfillment of our obligations to the dead? His widow and orphans will receive the care and protection of this Camp. Unto his it shall be done as he has done unto others. Strangers, upon the summit of this mountain even now is being held a meeting of a Camp of the Modern Woodmen of America. You will resume your journey, fear not, and soon you will possess the Arcana.

(It would add to the effect of this scene if a few handfuls of salt should be placed in the Camp kettle, on which is poured some alcohol, and ignited, making a peculiar light. Another good effect is obtained by using "red-fire.")

(The candidate is again hoodwinked, a white robe placed upon him instead of a black one, and as he marches with the Escort slowly around the room the lights are turned up, and the Camp put in its usual order. The Consul takes his regular station, and the Foresters form in open ranks in front of the same. When this is done the hoodwink is removed, and the Escort conducts him through the open ranks of the Foresters to a place in front of the Venerable Consul, and as they walk through the Foresters all say in concert the following):

"Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself."

"Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him."

Who is my neighbor? It is he that succored

the wounded man after the Priest and Levite had passed him to the other side. He that showed mercy on him. "Go and do thou likewise."

Escort. Venerable Consul, this stranger has braved the dangers of the forest, and after a long journey seeks admission into this Camp.

Consul. (Gives three raps.) Then take in your right hand this stone, and mind you well to do that which I instruct you. (Gives to both a stone.) You will repeat after me the central obligation.

CENTRAL OBLIGATION.

I, (your name), do, in the presence of these witnesses, vow and declare that if I am adopted as a Son and Neighbor of the Modern Woodmen of America, I will, in addition to that which I have already promised, obey the laws, rules, regulations, and requirements of the Fraternity, faithfully and conscientiously, and will forever hold its interests sacred, and do all in my power. not inconsistent with my duties as a man and patriot, to maintain and promote the same. If I knowingly use deceit in this, my obligation, may I be cast out of the Fraternity and from the company of all good men, even as I now shall cast the stone I hold in my right hand.

(Escort and stranger each throws stone on floor.)

To this solemn vow I pledge my sacred honor.

Consul. I affirm that this man is mine by the laws of the Fraternity, and in accordance with an ancient Roman custom he is purchased by me with this Brazen Coin and by this Brazen Balance. I do here declare that I shall adopt this stranger as a Son and Neighbor. (Strikes Balance with Coin.) My Son, you have, in your progress to this station, received many valuable lessons. After being obligated by the Foresters you visited this hall and discovered a minature world of traffic and trade; you found that men engaged in the busy vocations of life are not inclined to heed the unfortunate, unless under special obligations so to do. You sought advice, and was directed to seek adoption into our benevolent Fraternity. You then passed through the great forest receiving kind treatment and kind words from the Forest Patriarchs, and were finally brought here for adoption as a beneficiary member of this order. Being adopted, your relations to the Fraternity should be of the most intimate and lasting character. You have since been treated with hospitality; fruit and water have each in turn been freely given you, that, after the labors of your adoption, you might be refreshed. The symbolism of the fruit is expressive and beautiful; it reminds us that noble actions are the worthy fruitage of wise counsels. The pure water is emblematic of the purity of our

intentions. The rags that you wore were not badges of degradation, but upon the back of a virtuous man are good evidence of great suffering and self-denial; the black gown indicates sorrow or trouble; in blazonry, black is the symbol for constancy, wisdom, and prudence. The white gown is the emblem of innocence and purity.

*Neighbor you are now a Beneficiary member of the Modern Woodmen of America. But its laws impose upon you the duties of a further journey in Woodcraft. You will not be entitled to a seat at the camp-fire, a voice in the councils, or any of the social benefits of the Order, until you have taken the Fraternal Degree. And you are hereby directed to appear at the next meeting of this Camp (giving date), for further adoption. In the meantime should calamity or death o'ertake you, your loved ones will be under the care and protection of this Fraternity. I now bid you good-night!

Escort and Stranger. Good-night!

(Escort and stranger march in rear of the Foresters around the hall to the ante-room, when the Foresters open ranks, present axes, and the Escort and stranger march through to the ante-room. In all the marching of the Foresters, when they are not singing, instrumental music should be used for them to march by. The clerk will collect advance assessments and dues, and deliver certificate.)

*NOTE—The Camp can, by majority vote, excuse the candidate from taking the Fraternal Degree, and in that case all of the above that follows the star can be omitted, and the following is given to the candidate:

Consul. My Son, I will now give you the secrets of Woodcraft, that you may possess more of the Arcana, and be in full fellowship with these foresters.

(Takes with his right hand the right hand of stranger; teaches him the grip. See page 14.)

The joining of the right hands was esteemed among the Parthians and Persians as a most inviolable obligation to fidelity. I grasp your good right hand in that same sentiment and spirit, and I now give you the Woodman's hand-test, hand to hand, heart to heart. (*Teaches him the hand-test, see page 14.*) I should say: Have You The Brazen Coin? You will respond: I Have The Brazen Balance. By these tokens you may know a Neighbor. I will now give you the Woodman's Sign and its answer. (*Instructs him in the sign, see page 15.*) It is recognized in this manner, (*teaching him the answer*); is used in opening the Camp and as a test sign. It teaches us that we should be always ready, if need be, to strike a blow in defense of the honor of a deserving and worthy Neighbor; the answer, that we are mindful of our obligations. Also, the Working or Wedge Sign, given with the right hand (*gives sign, see page 14.*) This sign is used in addressing the Venerable Consul and Worthy Adviser, and in voting.

I will now explain to you the method of gaining admission to the Camp; Approaching the outer door you will alarm the Sentry, who will admit you by your giving him the annual word. Then put on your regalia, advance to inner door and give three raps. The Watchman will repeat three raps from the inside. Give to the Watchman the regular word. On being admitted, advance to to the Urn, and address the Adviser with the Working Sign. Then turn, facing the Venerable Consul, and deposit a pebble in the Urn.

This ancient custom I will explain: The Thracians,

every evening before they slept, were accustomed to cast into an Urn a white pebble if the day had been passed pleasantly, but if not, a black one. At their death, by counting the pebbles their lives were judged to be happy or otherwise.

The Modern Woodmen are expected at each meeting of the Camp to deposit a pebble. If they have been happy and comfortable during the time intervening since the last meeting, a white pebble will be deposited; if otherwise, a black one. At the proper time each evening the pebbles will be counted and discussed.

After depositing the pebble you will be at liberty to take a seat with your Neighbors of the Camp.

The working tools of this Camp are the Beetle, Axe, and Wedge. By practical artisans these tools have been used to clear the forests and let civilization, commerce, and the arts occupy the ground. They fitly symbolize industry, power, and progress. Drones can see no poetry in the homely appliances of labor, but the philosopher sees in them subjects for thought and practical demonstration. The branches of palm, the five stars, and shield are also emblems of our Fraternity. The palm symbolizes peace, the five stars light, and the shield safety.

The name of our Fraternity is but the trademark by which we are known. The unadopted gain from it no knowledge of the inner working of the Fraternity. The story of Robin Hood and his Merry Men in our childhood days, and our ramblings in the fragrant groves, throw about the forests and the woodlands a weird fascination. With them we associate a ruddy health and healing breezes. The trembling leaves and waving boughs of the monarchs of the forest, that have braved the tempests for many score of years, fill our hearts with admiration. There they stand, ready for the hand of the woodman to prepare them for practical use in the world's economy. So, as specula-

tive Woodmen, we should convert every useful means at hand for the accomplishment of our beneficent objects.

I will now instruct you in the Recognition sign, Warning sign, and their answers; also the Woodman's honors. (*Instructs him in the signs and honors, see pages 14, 15, 16.*)

The Woodman's honors are used in closing the meetings of the Camp; as a welcome to visiting Neighbors; as a compliment to a distinguished guest; at the grave of a Neighbor, and in greeting the officers of the Head Camp in form; also in adopting a Neighbor, and may be used as a distress sign. Should you be so placed that you cannot call a Neighbor to your assistance by this sign, you may cry out in a loud voice the words I Have Lost The Brazen Coin! And it will be the duty of a Woodman who sees or hears either to go to your relief at once, if he finds you deserving and worthy.

I will now give you the annual and regular words, which you must never impart to any one except the Sentry, Watchman, or Escort, except should you one day occupy the position of Venerable Consul of the Camp, when you may communicate it as provided by law. Remember this admonition.

(Here the Consul whispers the words to candidate.)

Consul. My son, you are now at the end of your journey. (*Dips hand in perfume and showers it gently over the candidate.*) By the token of this fragrant perfume, I welcome you at our camp-fire. May the happiness of you and yours be augmented by this act. May your life as a Woodman be worthy of the confidence we bestow upon you as our Neighbor; and, like sweet incense and the odors of this perfume, may your influence be pleasant to all about you, and honorable to the Fraternity to which you now belong.

(Gives three raps; all arise.)

Consul. Neighbors, you will now greet our adopted Neighbor by giving him the honors of the Fraterniiy.

(This being done):

Consul. I now proclaim Neighbor (*gives name*) entitled to all the rights, privileges, and honors of the Modern Woodmen of America, and invite him to a seat of honor at my right hand during the remainder of this session.

(Seats the Camp with one rap, the Banker gives one rap, and the Adviser one rap. Escort seats the candidate at the right of the Venerable Consul.)

CHAPTER IV.

INITIATION OR CEREMONY OF ADOPTION.

FRATERNAL DEGREE.

PART I.

(The hall should be prepared as during meetings. The Saw, Saw-buck, Stick of Wood, Camp Goat, Ladle, and Quicksilver, the Branding Iron, and the false wine or beer glasses should all be in readiness, but out of sight of candidate. The Consul remains robed as Venerable Father.)

(Escort and candidate wear their regular clothing; advance to the door, give three raps, and Watchman repeats three raps.)

Watchman. (Opens door.) Why would you enter here?

Escort. That we may receive further instructions in Woodcraft.

Watchman. Then advance seriously to yonder station, and receive your final obligation.

(The Foresters have already ranged themselves in open ranks with present axes at the outer door, and as the Escort and candidate march through the ranks the Foresters march with them around the hall and again open ranks in front of the Adviser's station, and the Escort and stranger march through the ranks and stand in front of the Adviser.)

Escort. Worthy Adviser, having made our

vows twice, we now come before you to receive our third and final obligation.

Adviser. Then take this fragile vessel in your right hand. Obey my commands, and you shall receive the Arcana of our Camp.

(Hands fragile vessel that may be easily broken to stranger, who shall take it in his right hand; place table, chair, or bucket so that he can readily break it at the proper time. An egg shell, after the contents have been removed, or an old lamp chimney, make the best fragile vessels. Consul gives three raps.)

FRATERNAL DEGREE OBLIGATION.

I, (your name), in the presence of our Venerable Consul and these witnesses, on my sacred honor as a man, promise and declare that I will not wrong or defraud the Fraternity in its treasury nor a member in his purse; that I will promptly pay all dues and death assessments, and thus do my duty to the widow, the fatherless, and the orphan; that I will not propose for membership any person whom I know to be of unsound health, of bad repute, or irregular habits; that I will not reveal any of the transactions of the Camp, or the signs, ciphers, words, symbols, grip or written work of the Fraternity to any person not lawfully entitled to the same. And that under no circumstances and conditions in which I may be placed, will I, even though threatened with dire calamity, or tempted with great reward, ever reveal the passwords of this

Fraternity, except to those entitled to receive the same in a regularly constituted Camp of Modern Woodmen, or when I may be acting as Venerable Consul of the Camp, Deputy Head Consul, or Head Consul. May I be dashed to pieces as I now dash this fragile vessel into fragments, if I promise not the truth.

(Stranger casts vessel into receptacle provided. *Which being done*):

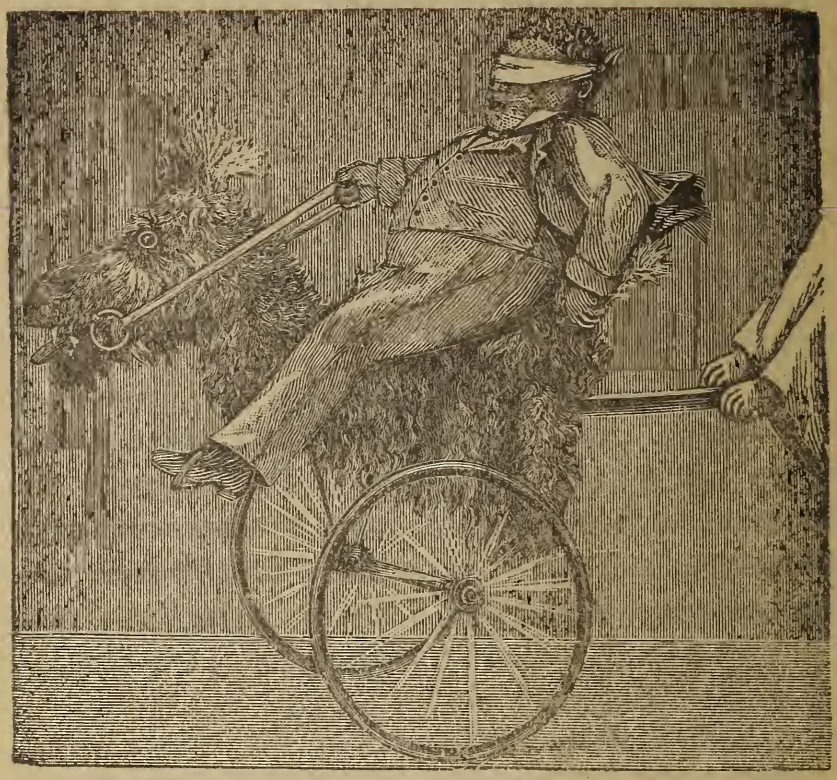
To all this I sincerely and in honor promise.

Adviser. Livy informs us that the sanctity of an obligation had more influence with the ancient Romans than the fears of laws and punishments. A true Woodman will never disregard his obligations. Escort, you will now conduct the candidate to the Venerable Consul's station. (Consul gives one rap.)

(Escort, candidate, and Foresters march around the hall and then to the Consul's station; the Foresters standing in two ranks facing each other, with axes presented.)

Escort. Venerable Consul, this candidate has received the final obligation, and comes before you for further direction.

Consul. My Son, before you can receive the full mysteries of Woodcraft, you must undergo a test of your physical ability to do the practical work of a Woodman. I now place you in the hands of these merry Foresters. Go with them, obey them, and fear not.



THE LODGE GOAT.

The wheels are made of steel and provided with soft rubber tire. They are excentrically journaled upon the axle, and are opposite each other, giving the rider an undulatory and laterally swaying motion at every turn of the room.

The eyes are of glass, and with open jaws provided with teeth, presents a most angry and ferocious aspect.

The rider presents a most ungainly and awkward appearance, experiencing great difficulty in retaining his seat, and may be suddenly and gracefully dismounted either forward or backward without fear of injury, by the simple turn of the wrist of the operator.

(The candidate is hoodwinked, placed upon the Camp Goat, (*described on page 48.*) and rode rapidly around the Camp hall three or four times, care being taken not to be too rough, while all the Neighbors sing the following song):

BANNER OF WOODCRAFT.

Words by C. HASSLER. Arranged by W. T. KAHLER.

Tune—"Marching Through Georgia."

Keep the logs a-rolling, boys, and pile them high and dry
Gather in the saplings, they'll be seasoned by and by,
Make the forests echo as the chips and splinters fly,
Under the banner of Woodcraft.

CHORUS—
Hurrah, hurrah, we'll make the forest ring,
Hurrah, hurrah, we hear the Neighbors sing,
And a hundred thousand Woodmen yet in triumph we will bring
Under the banner of Woodcraft.

Gather in the timber, boys, from forest and from plain,
Gather in the perfect, let the crooked ones remain,
Only those are welcome who have muscle, brawn and brain,
Under the banner of Woodcraft.

CHORUS—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

Tell to friends and strangers that the Woodmen hosts are strong,
Tell them of our Order as we proudly march along,
Tell them there's a welcome yet, for all who would belong,
Under the banner of Woodcraft.

(The candidate is taken from his "fiery steed," and the hoodwink removed. He is then placed over the saw-buck and stick of wood, with a saw in his hand.

Chief Forester. We will now test your ability by giving you two minutes in which to saw in two this stick of wood. Go to work!

(The Chief Forester takes out his watch and times the candidate, while the Foresters sing the following song. The stick of wood should be a very tough one, and if the saw is dull the task is more difficult.)

THE MERRY WOODMAN AND THE SAW.

Tune from "Pinafore."

Kind Woodman, I've important information—
Sing hey, the gallant Woodman that you are—
About a certain rare initiation,
Sing hey, the merry Woodman and the saw.

CHORUS—
The merry, merry, Woodman, the merry, merry Woodman,
Sing hey, the merry Woodman and the saw.

Kind Woodman at your work do not be sighing,
Sing hey, the gallant Woodman that you are—
This very night the chips will be flying,
Sing hey, the merry Woodman and the saw.

CHORUS—The merry, merry, etc.

(While the candidate is sawing the wood one of the Foresters is pretending to be heating the ladle over the fire; the bottom of the ladle is painted red, to make it look as though it is red hot, and contains quicksilver, which resembles melted lead. As the stick is sawed through, the chief Forester says):

Chief Forester. Well done, noble Woodman; we will now try your courage. Forester, bring the test.

(The Foresters then form a circle about their chief and the candidate, while one of the Foresters brings the ladle and presents it to candidate.)

Chief Forester. Woodman, if you are a brave man, you will place your finger in this melted lead, and thus show to these Foresters that you are worthy of the companionship of brave men; and that you are obedient to the commands of your Chief.

(If the candidate refuses, the Chief Forester will say: "I will give you until I count 'three' to obey me." If candidate still refuses, the Foresters shall all say: "Noble Chief, forbear the test." If candidate complies with the request, the Chief Forester shall grasp him by the hand and say: "Thou art truly a brave man and well worthy.")

Chief Forester. My Son, you must now receive the brand of Woodcraft, for all true Woodmen must be so marked that they may be known among men. This not only enables you to be identified when you need help, but it protects the Order against fraudulent death claims. In every case of death the body can be identified.

Escort. Worthy Chief, we have with us a Woodman who has already been adopted, but owing to sickness could not be branded at the last meeting. Shall he be branded now?

Chief Forester. Bring him forth?

(Escort brings forward a Woodman whose coat and vest are taken off, his shirt opened, displaying his naked back; when in position)—

Chief Forester. Forester, bring forth the branding iron.

(A Forester brings forward the branding iron, which is painted and made to look like red hot iron, and so that smoke is forced out when it touches the back.

Chief Forester. Woodman, art thou prepared to undergo this test, in order to become one of us, and that you may be known among Woodmen?

Woodman. I am.

Chief Forester. Forester, do your duty!

(While two of the Foresters hold the Woodman, the Forester strikes the back with the branding iron, making the letters "M. W. A." The supposed victim yells with pain, and the smoke arises from his back.

Chief Forester. (Turning to candidate.) You will now prepare yourself for this test.

(If candidate refuses, one of the Foresters suggests that he be permitted to be branded at another meeting, when he has recovered from the effects of the present scene. which, of course, is granted.

If he consents, he is striped to the bare back, and the Forester ordered to use the branding iron; if the candidate does not flinch, the Chief Forester shall say: "O, twice brave man! And twice welcome to our Camp!" Before the Chief Forester says this, however, he says: "Forester, strike the brand deep into the flesh," and the Forester strikes the back with a piece of ice, which gives a burning sensation.)

Chief Forester. Foresters, we will now conduct the stranger to the Venerable Consul.

(Escort and candidate, with the Foresters, march and counter-march around the hall to the Consul's station.)

Chief Forester. Venerable Consul, we present you this candidate, who has undergone successfully all physical tests.

Consul. My Son, I congratulate you upon your courage and endurance. You have earned the right to work in the forest.

(The escort pretends to pour a colored liquid into two glasses, the glasses being so made as to look as though they contain the liquid, but really when held to the lips nothing flows from them. The Escort hands the glasses to Consul.)

Consul. My Son, I now ask you to drink with me to your health and future success. (Handing glass to candidate, and pretends to drink himself.)

(If candidate attempts to drink, of course he fails, and the Venerable Consul says:

Consul. My Son, this incident is to teach you the deceptiveness of the wine-cup. Let it be a lesson to you in sobriety. I will now read to you a portion of our Fundamental Laws, which should be a guide to you in your future conduct. (He reads from Section "B" of Division "O," Fundamental Laws, as follows:) "If complaint is made to the Head Consul that a Neighbor is notoriously intemperate or immoral, or has engaged in a business or occupation on the prohibited list, except as provided in Division 'I,'

Section 'B,' he may require the Camp to proceed to investigate the matter, in accordance with Division 'E,' Standard Local Camp By-Laws. Should the Camp fail to expel him, the Head Consul shall investigate the matter, and if he finds that the Neighbor is guilty as charged, he may suspend said Camp and all its members until said Camp shall expel said accused."

(If the stranger refuses to drink, the Venerable Consul says:)

Consul. My Son, by this act you have given us great evidence of your sobriety. May your conduct continue in the line of virtue and temperance. (Here the Consul reads from Section B, Division O, as above.)

Consul. Escort you will now conduct the stranger to the ante-room, and afterwards attend him in his further steps in Woodcraft.

(Escort and stranger march and counter-march with the Foresters to the ante-room.)

PART II.

(The Escort and candidate are now clothed in the uniform of the Foresters. The Escort advancing to the inner door, gives three raps; the watchman repeats three raps, and opens door.)

Watchman. What means this intrusion?

Escort. We are seeking Further instruction in Woodcraft.

Watchman. Advance to the station of the Venerable Consul, and be careful that you heed his admonition.

(The Foresters meet the Escort and candidate at the inner door, and march with them to the Consul's station.)

Escort. This candidate comes before you Venerable Consul, for further instruction.

Consul. My Son, I will now give you the secrets of Woodcraft, that you may possess more of the Arcana, and be in full fellowship with these Foresters.

(Takes with his right hand the right hand of candidate, and teaches him the grip.)

The joining of the right hand was esteemed among the Parthians and Persians as a most inviolable obligation to fidelity. I grasp your good right hand in that same sentiment and spirit, and I now give you the Woodman's hand-test—

HAND TEST.

Close both fists and bring them together No. "one" saying: "I have lost the brazen coin." See cut.

ANSWER BY NO. "TWO."

Person challenged (No. "two") places clinched fist in same position and answers: "I have the brazen balance."

hand to hand, heart to heart. (Teaches him the hand-test.) I should say: Have You The Brazen Coin. You will respond: I Have The Brazen Balance. By these tokens you may know a Neighbor. I will now give you the Woodman's Sign and Answer. (Instructs him in the sign.)

WOODMAN'S SIGN.

With fist clinched raise the right hand about height of the head and about a foot from it, left hand about opposite right nipple; position of holding an axe for a downward stroke.

Hands are shown a little too low in cut.

It is recognized in same manner and is used in opening the Camp, and as a test sign. It teaches us that we should be always ready, if need be, to strike a blow in defence of the honor of a deserving and worthy neighbor; the answer, that we are mindful of our obligations. Also the Working or Wedge sign, given with the right hand.

WORKING SIGN.

Right hand held in front of face, palm inward, first and third fingers erect in shape of letter V, others closed. See cut.

This sign is used in addressing the Venerable Consul and Worthy Adviser, and in voting.

I will now explain to you the method of gaining admission to the Camp: Approaching the outer door you will alarm the Sentry, who will admit you by your giving him the annual word. Then put on your regalia, advance to the inner door, and give three raps. The Watchman will repeat three raps from the inside. Give to the Watchman the regular word. On being admitted, advance to the Urn and address the Adviser with the Working Sign. Then turn, facing the Venerable Consul, and deposit a pebble in the Urn.

This ancient custom I will explain: The Thracians, every evening before they slept, were accustomed to cast into an urn a white pebble if the day had been passed pleasantly, but if not, a black one. At their death, by counting the pebbles their lives were judged to have been happy or otherwise.

The Modern Woodmen are expected at each meeting of the Camp to deposit a pebble. If they have been happy and comfortable during the time intervening since the last meeting, a white pebble will be deposited; if otherwise, a black one. At the proper time each evening the pebbles will be counted and discussed.

After depositing the pebble you will be at

liberty to take a seat with your Neighbors of the Camp.

The working tools of this Camp are the Beetle, Axe, and Wedge. By practical artisans these tools have been used to clear the forests and let civilization, commerce, and the arts occupy the ground. They fitly symbolize industry, power, and progress. Drones can see no poetry in the homely appliances of labor, but the philosopher sees in them subjects for thought and practical demonstration. The branches of palm, the five stars, and shield are also emblems of our Fraternity. The palm symbolizes peace, the five stars light, and the shield safety.

The name of our Fraternity is but the trademark by which we are known. The unadopted gain from it no knowledge of the inner workings of the Fraternity. The story of Robin Hood and his Merry Men, told us in our childhood days, and our ramblings in the fragrant groves, throw about the forests and the woodlands a weird fascination. With them we associate a ruddy health and healing breezes. The trembling leaves and waving broughs of the monarchs of the forest, that have braved the tempests for many score of years, fill our hearts with admiration. There they stand, ready for the hand of

the woodman to prepare them for practical use in the world's economy. So as speculative Woodmen, we should convert every honorable and useful means at hand for the accomplishment of our beneficent objects.

I will now instruct you in the Recognition sign, Warning sign, and their answers; also the Woodman's Honors. (Instructs him in the signs and honors.)

RECOGNITION SIGN.

Close last three fingers of right hand, with thumb under lapel of coat, on left breast, fore-finger outside. Then move hand up and down. See cut.

ANSWER TO RECOGNITION SIGN.

Place left hand on right breast, last three fingers closed, thumb under and forefinger over lapel and then move up and down.

See cut.

WARNING SIGN.

Raise right hand perpendicularly, palm of hand forward. See cut.

ANSWER TO WARNING SIGN.

Answer by person seeing Warning Sign. Raise right hand perpendicularly back of hand forward. See cut.

WOODMAN'S HONORS.

Clap hands together twice, left hand under; arms at right angles, thus crossing hands. See cut.

The Woodman's Honors are used in closing the meetings of the Camp; as a welcome to visiting Neighbors; as a compliment to a distinguished guest; at the grave of a Neighbor, and in greeting the officers of the Head Camp in form; also in adopting a Neighbor, and may be used as a distress sign. Should you be so placed that you cannot call a Neighbor to your assistance by this sign, you may cry out in a loud voice the words, I Have Lost The Brazen Coin! And it will be the duty of a

Woodman who sees or hears either to go to your relief at once, if he finds you deserving and worthy.

I will now give you the annual and regular words, which you must never impart to any one except the Sentry, Watchman, or Escort; except should you one day occupy the position of Venerable Consul of the Camp, when you may communicate it as provided by law. Remember this admonition.

(Here the Consul whispers the words to candidate.)

Consul. My Son, having been fully instructed, you will now go with these Foresters into the forest of Brotherly Love, to perform the practical work of a Woodman.

(Here the Foresters form in single file, with the Escort and stranger in the rear. They march about the hall once or twice, and make their exit into the ante-room. As they pass the inner door each Forester stops and whispers into the ear of a Guard who stands there; this Guard is an entirely different person from the Watchman, and wears a uniform. As the Foresters march about the hall, they sing the following song:)

THE WOODMAN'S JUBILEE SONG.

Words by C. C. HASSLER, Arranged by J. G. RAY.

Tune—"*To The Work*," W. H. DOANE,

When you hear, far and near,
Voices sounding loud and clear,
As they swell on a bright and joyful summer day,
'Tis the tramp, steady tramp, of the Woodmen from the camp,
As they haste to the woods, o'er the hills far away.

CHORUS—
To the woods, then away,
To the woods, the Woodmen love,
As free from care, with Neighbors share,
All the pleasures of the Woodmen's day.

See them go, high and low,
Friends and Neighbors that you know,
Won't you join while you may, and still there's lots of room?
Fall in line, rain or shine,
We will have a jolly time,
For the Woodmen Neighbors are to-day on the boom.

CHORUS—To the Woods, etc.

Hear the notes, stirring notes,
Of the music as it floats,
How it makes every heart round this camp-fire now feel gay,
And at night, with delight,
Friends and Neighbors all unite,
In their praise of the pleasures of the Woodmen's day.
CHORUS—To the woods, etc.

(After the Foresters have passed out in single file, each whispering to the guard as he passes, but not giving the word, the Guard says to the Escort: "Give me the password." The Escort whispers to him and passes out. The Guard then says to the candidate:)

Guard. Give me the password!

(If candidate gives the password to the Guard, he calls to the Foresters, as follows):

Guard. Foresters, return! There is a traitor in your ranks. This man has violated his obligation, and given to me the sacred word!

(The Foresters return and bind the hands of the candi-

date, and in silence escort him to the Consul's position, and the Chief Forester says):

Chief Forester. Venerable Consul, this man has violated his sacred obligation, and has given the word to the Guard, who is neither the Sentry, Watchman nor Escort.

Consul. My Son, it is with deep sorrow and disappointment that I remind you that in your final obligation you took the sacred vow, "under no circumstances or conditions in which you might be placed would you, even though threatened with dire calamity or tempted with great reward, ever reveal the passwords of this Fraternity, except to those entitled to receive the same." But a few moments ago I instructed you that you were never to impart the words to any one except the Sentry, Watchman or Escort. With this vow and these instructions fresh in your mind, you have violated them and imparted the word to yonder Guard. This is indeed a serious matter, and one that demands the action of the Neighbors of the Camp. Escort, unbind the stranger and seat him, facing the Camp.

(The candidate is unbound and seated, facing the Camp.)

Consul. Neighbors, you have heard the charges; what will you do in the matter?

(Here the Neighbors make motions and suggestions. Some criticising and reprimanding the candidate; others trying to excuse and palliate the offense. Finally, some one

suggests that the candidate may be permitted to make an explanation.)

Consul. My Son, you may rise to your feet and offer to the Camp any explanation that you may have to give in regard to your conduct in this matter. I would advise you to be honest and frank in your confession, and throw yourself upon the mercy of the Camp.

(Candidate here makes explanation.)

(After discussion of the explanation, the adviser makes the following motion):

Adviser. Venerable Consul, I move that the candidate be excused for his mistake, and that he be invited to receive the congratulations of the Neighbors upon becoming a Woodman, and that we take a recess of five minutes for that purpose.

(Motion being carried):

Consul. Neighbors, we will now take a recess of five minutes, and you will be permitted to offer your congratulations to the newly-made Woodman.

NOTE—If the candidate refuses to give the word to the Guard, the following is used instead of the above:

Guard. Foresters, return! This man refuses to give the word.

Chief Forester. My Son, we will now conduct you with great honor to our Worthy Father.

(The Foresters form in line, the Chief Forester locking arms with the candidate, marching at the head. When opposite the Venerable Consul's position—)

Chief Forester. Venerable Father, this Neighbor has been mindful of his obligation, and of your admonitions; and has very wisely refused to give the word to the Guard, because he was neither the Sentry, Watchman, nor Escort.

Consul. My son, you have shown more than usual discretion in this matter. Your refusal to give the word stamps you as a man of prudence and caution, and well worthy to be entrusted with the secrets of Woodcraft. Neighbors, we will now take a recess of five minutes, and you will be permitted to offer your congratulations to the newly made Woodman.

PART III.

(The Venerable Consul, after the recess of five minutes, calls the Camp to order, and says):

Consul. My Son, you will please take your position at the altar.

(Candidate is placed in position by Escort.)

Are you now a Woodman and ready to assume a Woodman's duties?

Candidate. I am.

Consul. My Son, you are now to be tried by a more severe test than any yet given you. You must act

with fortitude and moral courage, and all will be well. You will be conducted by the Escort and these Foresters to the camp-fire, and you will obey the instructions of the Chief Forester.

(The candidate is now hoodwinked and marched around the hall with the Foresters to the camp-fire, which has been prepared while the candidate is hoodwinked. Lights are turned down in the hall and the camp-fire lighted. The saw-mill is placed in position a little way from the camp-fire. The brush and stake at which the Escort is to be burned is concealed in readiness. The Foresters form a circle with the Chief, Escort, and stranger in the center. The hoodwink is then taken from the stranger.)

Chief Forester. Woodmen, we are now going into the Forest of Brotherly Love for our daily work, and you and your friendly Escort are to remain here to watch the camp-fire and protect the same. In this forest is a band of outlaws that prey upon their fellow men. They have long desired the secrets of Woodcraft, that they might enjoy its benefits; and to know the passwords, that they might pass unmolested through the different parts of the forest. You must always be on your guard never to divulge to them the sacred secrets of Woodcraft. Will you be true to your obligation?

Candidate. I will.

Chief Forester. We will now leave you and go to our work;

(The Foresters now form and march out, singing one verse of "The Woodman's Jubilee Song" and chorus. The Escort and stranger seat themselves by the camp fire.)

Escort. Stranger, in the dark recesses of this forest, where we have pitched this Camp, the solitude is to me awe-inspiring. I dread the approach of the outlaws, who have sworn to obtain the secrets of Woodcraft, even by murder, if necessary. Hark! I hear footsteps and voices.

(With wild yells the outlaws enter the Camp, and bind the stranger and the Escort. These outlaws may be four or six, according to the size of the Camp, and if the Camp is very small, some of those who have acted as Foresters can disguise themselves and re-appear as outlaws. The outlaws should wear black masks, and assume the disguise fitted to the part.)

Chief Outlaw. We demand the secrets of Woodcraft. Be quick, we have no time to parley.

Escort. We will not give them to you.

Chief Outlaw. Bind this man to the stake, and we will see if his spirit is stronger than his flesh!

(The Escort is bound to a stake and some brush piled around him, and the candidate is now hoodwinked.)

Chief Outlaw. Do you still refuse to give us the secrets of Woodcraft?

Escort. I do.

Chief Outlaw. Men, apply the torch.

(A light is then made, by burning a newspaper in a tin bucket of some sort, or by red fire, and the Escort cries in a loud voice I Have Lost The Brazen Coin! Help! Help! Or I die. See page 95.)

Chief Outlaw. You shall die, and no one can help you.

(The Escort is now unbound from the stake and laid upon the floor, and covered with a sheet. Instead of the brush formerly used around the stake, it is replaced by half-burnt brush which has been prepared before hand. The hoodwink is taken from the candidate.)

Chief Outlaw. Behold the funeral pyre of your dead comrade. (Pointing to the stake.) There lies his dead body. (Pointing to the sheet.) Now, will you give me the secrets of Woodcraft?

Candidate. (Makes his own answer, or, perhaps, refuses to answer.)

Chief Outlaw. Think not you will escape so easy as with even the horrible death of your companion. We know how to torture, and we must have the secrets of Woodcraft. Men, prepare the rack.

(Candidate is again hoodwinked, bound to carriage of saw mill (page 96) and the saw started; and the candidate slowly approaches the saw, the hoodwink being removed.

Chief Outlaw. (The Chief Forester's whistle is heard in the distance.) Men, the Woodmen are coming. (Leaning over the Woodman on the saw-carriage): "Give me the word, and I will release you; if you do not, I will leave you here to die this horrible

death before the Foresters can return."

(If the candidate still refuses, one of them whispers to the Chief Outlaw so that he can be overheard by the candidate: "Are you sure the machine is all right?" The other whispers: "I suppose so." The Outlaws then withdraw. All is perfectly still, and the carriage slowly moves the candidate closer to the revolving saw. Just as the body of the candidate is about to touch the saw the Foresters return. The saw is stopped in its motion, and the candidate unbound and released.)

Chief Forester. You have proven a worthy Neighbor, and that you would give your life rather than betray the secrets of Woodcraft.

(The candidate is now conducted to the position in front of the Venerable Consul. The lights are turned up, and the Camp hall put in order.)

Chief Forester. Venerable Consul, we return this man to you with our approbation. He has worthily undergone the great test.

Consul. My Son, you are now at the end of your journey. (Dips hand in perfume, and showers it gently over the candidate.) By the token of this fragrant perfume, I welcome you at our camp-fire. May the happiness of you and yours be augmented by this act. May your life as a Woodman be worthy of the confidence we bestow upon you as our Neighbor; and, like sweet incense and the odors of this perfume, may your influence be pleasant to all about you, and

honorable to the Fraternity to which you now belong.

(Gives three raps; all arise.)

Consul. Neighbors, you will now greet our adopted Neighbor by giving him the honors of the Fraternity.

(This being done.)

Consul. I now proclaim Neighbor (gives name) entitled to all the rights, privileges, and honors of the Modern Woodmen of America, and invite him to a seat of honor at my right hand during this remainder of the session.

(Seats the Camp with one rap, the Banker gives one rap, and the Adviser gives one rap. Escort seats the candidate at the right of the Venerable Consul.)

CHAPTER IV.

CLOSING CEREMONIES.

Consul. Officers and Neighbors, do any of you know of any business neglected or overlooked, or any way left unperformed this night?

Adviser. (*If none is suggested.*) Venerable Consul, the work is finished, and we desire to depart hence and seek repose. All is well!

Banker and Neighbors. All is well.

Consul. It is well!

(A closing ode may be sung if desired.)

CLOSING ODE—NO. 1.

Tune—LENNOX OR LISCHER.

Now let us, ere we part,
The pledge of friendship give
E'er to be one in heart,
And always faithful live;
And in our band let there be found
The hope of peace and happiness,
The hope of peace and happiness.

In all our walk we prove,
And by the open hand,
Our warm fraternal love,
For those who join our band.
These words repeat before we go,
Love rules above and here below,
Love rules above and here below.

CLOSING ODE—No. 2.

Tune—AMERICA.

Long live our Order bright,
Offspring of truth and right,
Sent from above;
Long may our Neighbors stand,
A firm, united band,
Strong pillars in our land,
Our pride and love.

(Consul gives two raps which the Adviser and Banker both repeat.)

Consul. Neighbors, congregate about the Urn, forming a hollow square, and join with me in the honors of this Fraternity.

(All form hollow square, the Venerable Consul in the center, and together give the "Woodmen's Honors." See p. 12.)

Consul. Until we shall again assemble let each one of us be mindful and faithful; regarding the interests of our Fraternity as under our especial guardianship and protection; observing the ancient Golden Rule, and laboring for humanity, charity, safety and peace, that its mission may become perpetuated, thus honoring its supporters, and conferring happiness and com-

fort upon its beneficiaries. And now, by your authority, I declare Camp No. ....., Modern Woodmen of America, closed until we shall meet again, and fraternally bid you all good night!

Neighbors. Good night! Good night!

(Break ranks and disperse without further ceremony.)

INSTALLATION

(The Head Consul, a Deputy Head Consul; or the outgoing Venerable Consul, or in his absence the Venerable Consul may appoint some one who may install the officers, and also appoint a Neighbor to act as Chief Forester.)

(On the proper evening the installing officer will advance to the Urn and say):

Head Consul. The present officers will now vacate their seats.

(The officers leave their stations and take seats among the Neighbors. The installing officers will then advance to the Venerable Consul's station.)

Head Consul. The Chief Forester will advance in front of this station and call the names of the newly-elected officers, who will arrange themselves in line with the chief Forester, facing this station.

(The Chief Forester then takes his position as directed, and calls the roll of the newly elected officers, who each respond "present," and assume the proper position.)

Head Consul. Officers-elect, you have been each elected to fill a responsible station in this Camp. The success or failure of this organization is now largely in your hands. If you are careless and indifferent, the members will imbibe the same spirit; if you are enthusiastic, painstaking, and proud of our noble Fra-

ternity, you will see the same commendable zeal reflected in the membership. You will now please give your attention to the covenant into which you must all enter before you can be installed as officers of this camp. Please repeat after me: (Three raps.)

"I, ..., hereby solemnly declare to the Neighbors of the Camp here assembled that I will faithfully observe the charges as to the duties of my office that may be delivered in my hearing; that I will sustain the majesty of the laws and the usages of the Order, to the best of my ability, regardless alike of the frowns and smiles of all; that I will abide strictly by the decision of the Head Camp, and will promote brotherly love and friendship among the Neighbors. That I will faithfully perform the duties of my office unless prevented by sickness or urgent business. To this covenant I give my word and sacred honor.

Head Consul. (Gives one rap.) You will now please be seated, and the Chief Forester will present the Camp Physician, Managers, Watchman, and Sentry for installation.

(The Chief Forester escorts these officers to a place in front of the Venerable Consul's station.

Chief Forester. Venerable Head Consul, I now present to you Neighbors ....., who have been elected to fill the offices just named for the ensuing year.

Head Consul. Neighbors, listen to your duties, and remember them well.

The Sentry has charge of the ante-room and outer door. He must see that proper decorum and order prevail in the ante-room. He must see that none enter without the proper token, unless instructed by the Worthy Adviser.

The Watchman has charge of the inner door, and must report all alarms to the Worthy Adviser, and receive and abide by his directions. He must see that none pass his post without communicating the proper word.

The duty of the Camp Physician is an important one, and upon its proper discharge depends not only the welfare of this Camp, but of the entire jurisdiction. If he is diligent, wise, and honest in his physical examination of applicants, many burdens will be lifted from the shoulders of Woodmen. Without his co-operation the Head Physician can accomplish but little.

Much depends upon the faithful performance of the duties of the Managers. They have charge of the business interests of the Camp. It is their duty to thoroughly examine the reports and accounts of the financial officers and look after the property of the Camp. Do not neglect to perform these duties.

Officers look well to the performance of these duties, and let your conduct be such as will meet with the approbation of the Neighbors of your Camp. I now declare you to be duly installed in your respective offices, and the Chief Forester will conduct each of you to your respective stations.

(The Chief Forester now presents the Banker, and says):

Chief Forester. Venerable Head Consul, I now present Neighbor ....., who is Banker-elect of this Camp.

Head Consul. Neighbor ....., your duties are explicitly laid down in the Fundamental Laws of this order, and doubtless you have already made yourself acquainted with the importance of the station which you are required by your Neighbors to assume. In your hands will be deposited the funds of the Camp.

Remember, they are for the benefit of the afflicted Neighbors, the widow, and orphan. You will keep them safe, and render strict obedience to the laws of the Fraternity. I now declare you to be duly installed in the office of Banker. Chief Forester, conduct him to his proper station.

(The Chief Forester now presents the Escort, and says):

Chief Forester. Venerable Head Consul, I now present Neighbor ....., who is Escort-elect of this Camp.

Head Consul. It will be your duty to Escort to see that the furniture and regalia of the Camp are properly placed; prepare and introduce all candidates for adoption; investigate and report as to the Urn; and be obedient to the requirements of the laws and your officers. Much of the beauty of the ritualistic work of the Camp will depend upon you, and I charge you to study diligently your part. I now install you as Escort of this Camp. Chief Forester, conduct him to his proper station.

(The Chief Forester now presents the Clerk, and says):

Chief Forester. Venerable Head Consul, I now present Neighbor ....., who is Clerk-elect of this Camp.

Head Consul. Neighbor ....., it has been truly said that the local Clerks are the life-blood of the Modern Woodmen of America. Upon these officers depends more than upon any others the prosperity of our beloved Order. It is your duty to keep the accounts of the Camp, receive all monies for adoption, dues, assessments, etc., from the hands of the Neighbors, pay over the same to the Banker, taking receipt therefor. It is also your duty to keep correct minutes of all the proceedings of your Camp, make out and serve all notices of meetings, rejection or

acceptance of applicants; receive all applications and present the same to the Camp, and notify all committees appointed. It is your duty to strictly comply with the laws of the Order, and especially with the instructions of the Head Clerk in the business transactions with his office. You should make a full report to the Head Clerk and to your Camp. You should look closely after the suspended members, and endeavor to have them reinstate. To do this properly it is necessary that you should be regular and faithful in your attendance, and we hope you will conform to these requirements in order that your Camp may be prosperous and the Neighbors proud of their choice. I now declare you to be duly installed as Clerk of this Camp, and the Chief Forester will conduct you to your proper station.

(The Chief Forester now presents the Worthy Adviser, and says):

Chief Forester. I now present to you Neighbor ....., Worthy Adviser-elect for the ensuing year.

Head Consul. Neighbor ....., you have been elected to fill the office of Worthy Adviser, and I need not inform you that it is an office that needs to be filled with great circumspection. You are the second officer in the Camp, and to your charge is committed the mode of egress and ingress, and the decorum of the Camp, subject only to the orders of the Venerable Consul; and no person can be permitted to enter or retire without your special permission. In the adoption ceremony you have an important part to perform, and with the proper performance of the same the candidate will be duly impressed with his obligations to the Order. In the absence of the Venerable Consul

you will preside over the deliberations of the Camp. Let these duties be performed with the reverence and solemnity which their nature and great importance demands. I now declare you to be duly installed as Worthy Adviser of this Camp, and the Chief Forester is hereby directed to conduct you to your proper station.

(Chief Forester now presents Venerable Consul, and says):

Chief Forester. I now present to you Neighbor ....., who is the Venerable Consul-elect for the ensuing year.

Head Consul. Neighbor ....., previous to your installation permit me to ask you a few questions to which I require your answer before the Neighbors.

(After each of the following questions, the consul-elect answers "I do.")

Do you agree to observe the Fundamental Laws of the Order, and impartially administer the same?

Will you see that all candidates previous to being admitted have complied with all the necessary requirements, and are in every respect worthy of the friendship and protection of our Order; that they are peaceable men, attend diligently to their occupation, live creditably, act honorably by all men, and provide for their families?

Will you take special care of the secret work of the Order with which you will be entrusted, and see that the same is kept sacred by the Neighbors of this Camp, so far as it lies in your power?

Will you promise not to divulge the passwords or give the signs of the Order, either directly or indirectly, to any person not legally entitled to receive the same?

Will you promise to govern the Neighbors with

firmness, yet with moderation, ever avoiding all conduct calculated to sow the seeds of discord among them?

Having answered these questions to the satisfaction of all present, I will now present you with the Beetle. It is a symbol of power, and is used to inform the Neighbors of their duty; (three raps) calls them to their feet, and (one rap) reseats them. I now declare you duly installed as Venerable Consul of this Camp for the ensuing term. The Chief Forester will now conduct you to your station.

Head Consul. (Gives three raps, and calls the Neighbors to their feet.)

Officer-elect, let our laws be a light unto your feet; admonish with judgment, reprehend with mercy, that peace and harmony may prevail, and that we may each night truthfully say: "All's well within our walls and around about our Camp."

I have only to remind you, officers-elect, that in being obligated as Sons and Neighbors you each promised to be faithful in all things relating to our Fraternity, and your acts during the coming term should add additional luster to your already faithful services for the good of the Camp.

Neighbors of the Camp, greet your officers, past and present, with the Woodman's Honors.

(This being done):

And now, by the authority of the Fraternity universal, I proclaim the officers for the ensuing term fully clothed with authority to perform the duties pertaining thereto until their successors shall be duly elected and installed.

(The Head Consul gives one rap, and the Camp is seated.)

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

REGALIA.

The usual regalia or Woodmen's uniform, also white gloves, may be worn, with a badge of white and black, and a button-hole bouquet of flowers or of evergreen sprigs *(if flowers are not obtainable)*, pinned upon the left breast. The badge should be in the shape of a small bow, combining both colors. If the regalia or uniform is not worn the badge only may be used.

MEETING.

Whenever the time for the funeral of any Neighbor is known, the Venerable Consul and Clerk will cause due notice to be given to every member of the Camp of the day and hour they will be required to meet at the hall to attend the obsequies. The Worthy Adviser will be expected to see that the necessary arrangements are made, and that a badge of black crape is placed in a conspicuous position upon the door or other appropriate place at the hall.

It will be the duty of the Escort to see that the badges, flowers, and other necessary articles are pro-

vided for the Neighbors' use upon every occasion of this character.

AT THE MEETING.

(The Neighbors having congregated at the hall the Venerable Consul will give one rap of the beetle and say:)

Consul. Neighbors, we have assembled here to-day upon a sad errand, that of paying the last solemn acts of respect to a Son and Neighbor of the Modern Woodmen of America. We are reminded this day more forcibly than ever of the uncertainty of human life, and while we shall sorrowfully place the body of our lamented Neighbor in its tomb, may we all be mindful of the lesson that it may teach to us. It now becomes my duty to appoint Neighbor ..... *(giving his name),* as Master of Ceremonies. It will be your duty to arrange the procession, escort the mourners and cortege, and attend to all the minor details, that no confusion may occur, or the harmony of the ceremonies be disturbed.

I also appoint Neighbors *(giving names of six members)* as pall bearers. It will be your duty to bear the casket, and guard it upon its last earthly journey.

I also appoint Neighbor ..... *(giving his name)* as Captain. It will be your duty to command the Neighbors in the procession, under direction of the

Master of Ceremonies, and to see that they march with regularity and decorum.

I now surrender my place to the Master of Ceremonies, who will take charge of the further arrangements.

(The Master of Ceremonies will see that the Neighbors have the appropriate badges, and the Captain will arrange the procession to proceed to the house of the deceased in the following order:)

PROCESSION.

1. The Master of Ceremonies, with black sash.

2. Venerable Consul between the Watchman and Sentry, both bearing a palm branch or limb of evergreen.

(Consul to carry a basket of cut flowers.)

3. Worthy Adviser, Excellent Banker and Clerk, bearing axe, beetle and wedge.

4. Escort with regalia in his hand.

5. Neighbors.

6. Pall bearers, with flowing band of black crape upon their hats.

(This order of procession shall be used in marching to the house, to the church, and to the cemetery.

THE PALL BEARERS

Shall form a line each side of the approach to the carriages, and shall remain until all of the mourners have taken their conveyances, and then march each

side of the hearse. The remainder of the Fraternity shall precede the hearse.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

(If it is the request of the family of the deceased that the Fraternity shall officiate, and if no religious services are desired, the following shall be used at the house; but if religious services are held, this ceremony and the one provided to be used at the grave shall *both* be used at the grave.)

(The pall bearers shall station themselves, three on each side of the casket. If at the grave the casket shall rest on cross-pieces on top of the grave.)

Hymn. (A funeral hymn may be used here, by a quartette or choir. See Odes and Hymns in this book.)

The Consul. (Standing at the foot of the casket.) Bereaved ones, Friends and Neighbors! To-day we mourn with those who mourn, and weep with those who weep. This hour we contemplate a scene that may be identical with one in which we may ere long be the silent, lifeless object. Our hearts are sad to-day, and every impulse of our soul is that of sympathy for those who loved our silent Neighbor best. They will look for his coming, but he comes not; they will sigh for his voice, but the silence continues forever; and yet, my friends, he should not be forgotten. His kind acts and his pleasant words should be treasured up as priceless gems, upon which your mind will love to dwell in the fondest and most sacred of recollections.

He has fulfilled his earthly destiny. The stern, hard battle of life has been bravely fought, and, like a true Woodman, he has never surrendered to any obstacle in the way of his duty and care for his family and himself, except to the relentless, but oft-times merciful, hand of death. He has left a worthy heritage in the hands of his true and trusted Neighbors, who assemble this day to do his memory reverence. On this solemn and impressive occasion we should pause and reflect upon the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. It is only a few days ago that our deceased Neighbor was no doubt as confidently making his plans for future usefulness as we are doing to-day. His heart was glad with the anticipations of the happiness which the fruition of his plans would make certain, but all these anticipations are never to be realized The considerate mind to design, and willing hand to execute, are powerless for their task to-day.

(A part of the following poem may be omitted if thought best.)

The poet has expressed this sentiment in glowing words:

1 Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-flowing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

2 The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

3 The infant and mother, attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that infant and mother who blest,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

4 The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shine beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

5 The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

6 The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

7 The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

8 So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

9 For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

10 The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

11 They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

12 They died; aye, they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

13 Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain.
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

14 'Tis the wink of the eye; 'tis the draught of the breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

The philosopher and the scientist find all their calculations and wisdom futile to long delay the end of their earthly pilgrimage. But we have brighter hopes than those of a transitory nature. The only perfect book tells us of our mortal body, that "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a natural body,

there is also a spiritual body." So also it is written: The first man, Adam, became a living soul. The last Adam became a life-giving spirit. Howbeit, that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthly; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly: and as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

These promises are sweet to us. They fill our heart with hopes of glad future provided by the great Creator for his people, where eternal joy will dispel the ephemeral sorrow of this short and troublesome existence.

To you who sorrow, we can but say that every heart here to-day beats in sympathy with your grief. Look up and be not downcast, for great good may come from this affliction, and as we shall now soon depart to lay beneath the clods this beloved form, let us forever place the mantle of charity over his misfortunes, and remember his virtues with a loving memory.

Hymn. (A funeral hymn may be sung by quartette or choir. See Odes and Hymns in this book.)

Adviser. (Should stand near the head of casket.) Like the trees of the forest our Neighbor has sprung

into life—a prattling babe, a tiny shrub—has grown to be a man, like the vigorous sapling, around which the ivy and the vine have loved to cling and find a safe protection, and now like the tree he is cut down, and the ivy and the vine feel the crushing blow. The tree can never on earth be their support again; but in that better life, toward which we cast our longing eyes, there shall be no parting there. Glad thought and sad retrospect—combined this day as we shall with sorrow wend our way to the city of the dead.

(If above is used at the house, the Master of Ceremonies will now take charge of the casket, permitting all to view the face of the dead, the Fraternity last before the mourners. The casket will be deposited in the hearse, the mourners escorted to their carriages, and the procession shall then be formed to proceed to the cemetery.)

AT THE GRAVE.

(If used at the grave, the bearers shall at this place slowly and silently lower the casket into the grave, while the Consul shall read, commencing, "Into the silent grave we now consign the mortal remains," etc. See next page.)

AT THE CEMETERY.

(The Neighbors shall march to the burial lot and form about it in the shape of a wedge, the point meeting at the head of the grave. No person shall be admitted inside the wedge except the officers, mourners and choir.)

(The Neighbors will not remove their hats, but will remain covered during the ceremonies at the cemetery.)

(The Pall Bearers shall silently lower the casket into the grave, during which time the Consul shall slowly and impressively read:)

Consul. Into the silent grave we now consign the mortal remains of our beloved Neighbor, to sleep in the bosom of his mother earth, amid the scenes and among the friends he loved so well. The sod, green under the smile of returning spring, will lie lightly on his breast; and the forest. "dewy with nature's tear drops," shall mourn his requiem and grieve, "if aught inanimate e'er grieves," over the untimely death of our Son and Neighbor. We are told that all things are created for decay; how befitting then that man shall return to that element from whence all matter springs. *The natural returns to nature.*

(Master of Ceremonies shall here cast earth into the grave upon the casket.)

Consul. But the spirit has gone to him who gave it.

(The quartette shall here sing Burial Hymn No. 1.)

Consul. We soon shall leave our Neighbor in the city of the dead. Mourn not his departure. He shall live in the eternal glories of his Maker. Decay may mark this resting place of our Neighbor, but he who fashioned Arcturus, Orion and the Pleiades, and placed this vast globe in its orbit, to move through space around the sun, has said that man shall live forever. This truth beautifies the somber tomb; and as the springtime shall deck the earth with its foliage and its flowers, and the oak shall again be robed with its green garb, to replace that destroyed by the storms of winter, so mortal shall put on immortality, and that which was of earth shall be transformed and become eternal.

Rest on, rest on, in peaceful rest,
Eternal life God gave;
Here mortals yet unborn will stand
Beside his lowly grave;
Nor shall his goodness be forgot,
While time its record keeps;
But Neighbors, mark the sacred spot,
Where the Modern Woodman sleeps.

(Consul scatters flowers into grave.)

May thy name and deeds be ever green in our memory, and thy excellencies as sweet as the fragrance of these flowers unto future generations.

Master of Ceremonies. The Neighbors will now deposit the emblems of remembrance. *(Drops several flowers or evergreen sprigs.)*

(Neighbors drop upon the casket flowers or sprigs of evergreen, and the Watchman and Sentry last place their branches over the casket.)

Hymn. (While the above ceremony is being done the choir will sing Burial Hymn No. 2.)

Consul. Amen and Amen! Peace be unto thee, sorrowing ones. The Great Father be thy shield and guide, and may his protecting angels guard thee from all harm, and direct thy ways in the paths of rectitude and honor. Modern Woodmen, we must now depart to again take our places among the living realities of life, but it is with heavy hearts, for one more friend has been added to that great majority beyond the vale; but his face is pictured in our memory, and his loved ones shall not be forgotten.

Consul. Neighbors, we will give the Woodmen's honors. Honor the dead by respect for his loved ones living. *(All give the Woodmen's honors.)*

Master of Ceremonies and all Neighbors. Goodbye and farewell! Peace! Peace! To thee and to thine!

(The procession will return to the hall in the same order as it came. The Pall Bearers returning to the home of the mourners, and giving attendance to their entrance to their homes.)

MEMORIAL.

At the following meeting after the funeral a black pebble shall be deposited, and an Eulogium Committee of three appointed by the Consul to prepare eulogy or resolutions, which shall be reported at the next meeting, and be engrossed upon the record book—a full page being dedicated for that purpose.

FUNERAL HYMN.

SELECTED. *Tune*—HEBRON. L. M.

1. The God of mercy will indulge
   The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
   When honored Neighbors fall around,
   When friends beloved and kindred die.

2. Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought,
   Should with our mourning passions blend;
   Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
   Their mighty, ever-living Friend.

3. Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide,
   Thou art each tender name in one
   On Thee we cast our every care,
   And comfort seek from Thee alone.

4. To Thee, our Father, would we look,
   Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend,
   And on Thy gracious love and truth
   With humble, steadfast hope depend.

FUNERAL HYMN.

BY M. H. UNDERWOOD. *Tune*—C. M.

1. In sorrow now, our broken band
   Surrounds the open tomb,
   A Neighbor's loved hath crossed death's strand,
   Our Camp is left in gloom.

2. O God, we bow to Thy decree,
   We mourn our fallen son;
   Yet wisdom rules, O God, with Thee;
   Thy will, not ours, be done.

3. Reveal Thy wondrous healing power
   To those now left alone;
   Support, until that solemn hour,
   When Thou shalt say, "Come home."

4. Now give us strength to here renew
   Our pledge of faith and love;
   Help us all evil to eschew,
   That all may meet above.

BURIAL HYMN—NO. 1.

SELECTED (Adapted). *Tune*—HAMBURG. L. M.

1. Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
   Take this new treasure to thy trust!
   And give these sacred relics room
   To slumber in the silent dust.

2. No pain, no grief, nor anxious fear,
   Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
   Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
   So gentle in thy last repose.

BURIAL HYMN—NO. 2.

SELECTED (Adapted). *Tune*—ORTONVILLE'S or any C. M.

1. Affliction is a stormy deep,
   Where wave resounds to wave;
   Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
   We know there's One to save.

2. When darkness and when sorrows rose
   And pressed on every side,
   Our hope hath still sustained our steps,
   And still has been our guide.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

(To be used in a church or public places.)

1. Among the dead our Neighbor sleeps,
   His life was rounded true and well;
   And love in bitter sorrow weeps
   About his dark and silent cell.

2. No pain, no anxious, sleepless fear,
   Invades his house; no mortal woes
   His narrow resting-place come near,
   To trouble his serene repose.

3. His name is graven on the stone.
   That friendship's tears will often wet,
   But each true Neighbor's heart upon
   That name is stamped more deeply yet.

4. So let him sleep that dreamless sleep,
Our sorrows clustering 'round his head;
Be comforted, ye loved, who weep!
He lives with God; he is not dead.

Bold, Sonorous Music.

FUNERAL CHANT.

Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord; Lord hear my voice!

Let thine ears hearken to the voice of my supplication!

If Thou, O Lord, shalt mark our iniquities, O Lord, who shalt stand?

For with Thee there is mercy; and by reason of Thy law, I have waited for Thee, O Lord!

My soul hath rested on His word; my soul hath hoped in the Lord.

And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Give unto him (*or* them) eternal rest, O Lord!

And unto him (*or* them) let shine perpetual light!

FUNERAL HYMN.

1. As distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw nigh;
So heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.

2. And as those lands the dearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.

3. Heaven is not so far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very hearts
Of those who see aright.